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MISSIONARY TOILS.

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MISSIONARY TOILS,

A POEM.

MISSIONARY TOILS.

A POEM.

By MATILDA,

AUTHOR OF "MEDITATIVE HOURS," AND "SEASONS OF PEACE."

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1848.

PREFACE.

CHEERED and encouraged by the kindness with which her former publications have been received, the Author of the following poem, ventures once more before the public.

"Missionary Toils" was written as a memento of christian affection to her dear and valued friend, the Rev^{d}. Stephen Kay, late Missionary in Southern Africa, and author of "Travels and Researches in Caffraria." The composition of the poem solaced the writer in many an hour of pain and weariness; and if its publication may tend to promote the glory of God, and benefit those who shall favour her with their approbation of it, she will humbly thank Him, whose Spirit she trusts has guided her pen, and enabled her, a poor afflicted worm, to show forth his praise.

MATILDA.

Hayes, March 8th, 1848.

MISSIONARY TOILS.

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.

"In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." 2 Cor. xi. 26, 27.

REFRESHING sleep, though woo'd, refused to shed
His gentle influence on my aching head,
And my worn frame, exhausted and oppress'd,
Sought, vainly sought, an interval of rest;
From side to side in weariness I turned,
But partial slumber all my efforts spurned.
At length, o'ercome by long continued pain,
Or fever's power upon my heated brain,
Oblivion o'er my senses feebly stole;
Yet then my active mind refused control,
For visions wild annoyed my wakeful sleep,
And left me still my lonely watch to keep.

The earth was wrapt in sable midnight gloom,
No cheering moon-beam shot across my room;
Dull silence reigned,—a silence deep, profound,
As if all life in peaceful sleep were drowned;
And (save at intervals, the night-wind drear,
Which in hoarse murmurs broke upon the ear,)
No sound disturbed the stillness; and I lay
Wishing, yet dreading the return of day.
But as the quiet midnight slowly sped
(Yet came not gentle sleep with velvet tread,)
A wider range my meditations sought,
And higher themes engaged my wakeful thought.

Far o'er the deep Imagination strayed,
I laid me down beneath a palm tree's shade;
I gazed on scenes, beyond description fair,—
Breathed with delight a pure and fragrant air,—
Saw wild flowers springing on my mossy bed,
And cloudless skies extended o'er my head.

Again by swift-wing'd Fancy borne along,
I mingled now amongst a sable throng;
One stood apart from the attentive crowd,
And spake in accents, audible and loud;
Spake of man's fall and sin's o'erwhelming flood,—
Pointed to Jesu's all-atoning blood;—

Told in affectionate endearing tone,
How Jesus longed to claim them for his own;—
Urged them with tears, salvation to receive,
To *attend* the Gospel message and *believe;*
Entreated them to yield to be forgiven,—
Cling to the bleeding cross, and press to enter heaven.

Just within view, a giant temple high,
Reared its imposing columns to the sky;
But 'twas no consecrated house of prayer,—
Jehovah's name was never worshipped there;
But senseless idols, formed of wood and stone,
Received the homage due to God alone;
And curséd altars in that temple stood,
Which oft were deeply stained with human blood;
For victims there in sacrifice were slain,
To appease a god inanimate and vain.

How humbling, that the human form divine,
Should e'er lie prostrate at an idol's shrine!
That one whose spirit is the breath of God,
Should bend in adoration to a clod!
Yet, fallen nature thus debased and vile
Is found, alas! on many a sunny isle:
And many a lovely spot in far-off land,
Rich with the proofs of a creative hand—

Laden with luscious fruits and splendid flowers—
Warmed by the sun, refreshed by genial showers,—
Yet mourns, because its fertile soil is trod
By those, who never heard the name of God!
Oh! for the dawning of that promised time,
When all of every nation, every clime,
Shall own Jehovah Jesus as their King,
And to his shrine their willing offerings bring.

Speed, speed the gospel! send the message forth,
To the far regions of the wintry north;
Let the mild south with Jesu's love be blest,
Haste to the burning east, the distant west:
Till like a stream, the joyful tidings roll,
And Jesu's name resounds from pole to pole.

Speed, speed the gospel! let the sacred word,
In every land, by every ear be heard.
No more let thousands flock to Ganges' flood,
No more defile its streams with human blood;
No more let Afric's sable children mourn,
Beneath oppression, cruelty, and scorn;
Nor the fierce Indian, to battle trained,
Boast of the spoils his tomahawk has gained.
Let cannibal Fegee no more delight,
On human flesh to feast his appetite;

Nor the wild Caffre, all athirst for strife,
Goaded by vengeance, seek his fellow's life.

Speed, speed the gospel! let its hallowed page,
Calm the wild tumults of the heathen's rage;
Let Jesu's cross each rebel lust subdue,
Let Jesu's power each hardened heart renew,
Let Jesu's blood quench each unholy flame,
And temples once profaned, now ring with Jesu's name!

But shall the banner of the cross e'er wave
In *every* land? Yes, Jesus lives to save!
And shall Jehovah's banner be unfurled
In every quarter of our fallen world?
Yes, for the word of God shall freely run,
And God himself be honoured in his Son.

Come, Lord, and hasten the triumphant day,
Unsheath thy sword; thy glorious might display;
Regard thine Israel, who in sadness roam,
Without a temple and without a home:
From off their blinded hearts the veil remove;
Dissolve their hardness with the beams of love;
Bring them with humble gratitude to own,
That *Jesus* is their Saviour—He alone.

Oh! bid their wanderings and their troubles cease,
And lead thy chosen to their land in peace:
Yea, to Mount Zion let thy people throng,
With holy gladness and triumphant song;
Let fallen Jerusalem again arise,
Lovely and glorious in her Maker's eyes;
Let purest worship constantly ascend,
And every knee in adoration bend
To THEE! the equal Father, Spirit, Son—
One in divinity; in essence, one!

Speed, speed the gospel! till the gladsome strain,
"Worthy the Lamb, for guilty sinners slain,"
Be loudly echoed by each grateful Jew:
Let Gentile hearts the tuneful theme renew,
Till earth is vocal with th' ecstatic song,
And "Jesus lives and reigns," resounds from every tongue.

But whither have I roved? My measured strains,
Have scorned the feeble hold of Fancy's chains;
Tuned to the lofty themes of other days,
My harp has breathed exalted notes of praise;
And from its golden cords have boldly rung,
Truths of which prophets wrote, and sacred minstrels sung.

Welcome these weary, sleepless hours of pain,—
Welcome the wanderings of my weakened brain,—
Welcome the quiet of my lonely room,
Th' unbroken stillness, and the cheerless gloom.
Had heavy sleep mine aching eyelids closed,
Had my worn frame in his embrace reposed;
Then had mine active mind less freely soared,
Less pure had been the notes my lyre had poured.

But whither have I roved? How gained this height?
On *Fancy's* pinions first I took my flight;
She swiftly bore me o'er the raging deep,
Amid the tempest's dash, the billows sweep;
I passed the "perils of the sea" and flood,
And safely on a foreign island stood;
Stood with a multitude on heathen ground,
While idol temples proudly rose around;
And listened with intense delight to one,
Whose kindling countenance and earnest tone
Told the importance of the words he spoke,
And in each soul a mute attention woke.

Yes, there Imagination led my feet,
And there, methinks, do joy and sorrow meet;
Deep sorrow fills my breast, when I survey
The million souls that still in error stray;

But joy, when ministers of God, constrained
By love to him whose blood their ransom gained,
Go forth, defying pain, and shame, and loss,
Leave *parents, country, all,*—to preach "the cross."

Oh! this is noble sacrifice of life!
Let the proud soldier shine in bloody strife;
Let him applaud the feats of heroes bold,
Whose deeds shine forth in characters of gold;
Let him exult o'er mighty conquests gained,
And glory in the laurels thus obtained;—
More valiant far is he, whose ardent mind
Throws earthly honours to the passing wind,
And, armed with Jesu's armour, ventures forth
Where'er he points, east, west, or south, or north.

Oh! blest are such beyond all human praise;
They seek no monument which man can raise,
They pant not for the fading gems of time,
They hasten not ambition's steep to climb,
They need no wreath their foreheads to entwine,
They want no diamonds from Golconda's mine;
Enough for them that God their work approves,
Enough for them that "Jesus smiles and loves."
Thus cheered and aided by the Spirit's power,
Ne'er will they falter in the trying hour;

But still unceasingly the truth proclaim,—
Salvation, full and free, through Jesu's name.
Their joys are pure, unspeakable, divine;
And though for them no transient honours shine,
Yet not unnoticed are their toils severe,
And not unblessed their victories, e'en here.
Rich are the spoils their conquests which adorn;
Their noblest trophy is, *a soul new born*;
For this they count all else but "dung and dross,"
And glory in their name, as soldiers of the cross!

And he, whom Fancy to my vision brought,
As moved most deeply by the truths he taught,
Upon whose accents listening hundreds hung,
(Though oft his words the guilty conscience stung,)
Was born on English ground. What could inspire,
His fervent soul with such intense desire?
What with such earnestness his spirit move,
But the constraining power of Jesu's love?
'Twas not the love of ease or worldly gain,
Which prompted him to cross the stormy main;
'Twas no desire for paltry things of earth,
Led him to leave the country of his birth;—
No, but that gospel where *he* gladly found
Pardon for sin, and balm for every wound;
Which led *him* to the cross, and bade him lave
His guilty soul in Calvary's healing wave;

Which showed the purple fountain, deep and wide,
And bade him plunge within the cleansing tide.
That gospel now he panted to make known
In those dark lands where Moloch holds his throne:
And Him, whose voice the patriarch obeyed,
When as a lonely wanderer forth he strayed,
The missionary heard. At holy even,
When earth seems nearer to the gate of heaven,
When all around was peaceful, calm, and still,
He sought to know his heavenly Father's will.
His own loved "land of every land, the pride,"
Was "dearer far to him than all the world beside;"
His countless blessings thankfully he felt,
But then his mind on distant regions dwelt;
Afric uprose before his mental view,
And echoed in his ear the question, "Who,
"Who will go forth from England's favoured isle,
"And plant the gospel upon Afric's soil?
"There millions sunk in superstition's flood,
"Bow before altars stained with human blood;
"They know not him, who once on Calvary gave,
"Himself an offering, all mankind to save;
"Who will to them the blessed gospel show?
"Whom shall we send? And who will freely go?"
Then with devoted energy of soul,
And lips just touched as with a "living coal,"

Burning with zeal and fired with love divine,
Himself upon the missionary shrine
He fully offered:—"Father, let me be
"Thine honoured servant! Here am I; send me!"

And forth he went, strong in his Master's might,
With joyful news to Afric's sons of night;
"The love of Christ constrained" his willing feet;
With sympathy for souls his bosom beat;
His thankful heart with holy fervour glowed,
And from his fire-touched lips glad praises flowed.

Launched on the ocean, wafted by the wind,
Soon England's happy shores are left behind.
Yes, England!—and our missionary felt,
For one brief moment, all his manhood melt;
One silent tear-drop glistened in his eye,
And heaved his breast one melancholy sigh.
But not regretful was the tear that fell,
Although, perchance, he took a last farewell
Of the delightful country of his birth,
Of friends,—of home,—yea, all he loved on earth.
Yes, *all!* save *one*, who fondly did essay,
To share the perils of his toilsome way;
She marked the tear, she heard the gentle sigh,
And a fond kiss was all her eloquent reply.

And now, as silently they gazed around,
They marked what seemed the ocean's only bound;
The clear blue sky expanded over head,
And on the world of waters round them spread,
Nought living on the far-strained vision rose,
Nought broke the stillness of the calm repose,
Which seemed upon that flowing sea to rest,
As swiftly now they rode upon its breast.
And, save the gentle heaving of the ship,
Which bore them onwards o'er the treacherous deep,
And, save the voices of the joyous crew,
Which burst anon upon their ears—those two
Might well have fancied *they alone* surveyed,
The imposing scene before their view displayed:
That *they alone* of all the sons of time,
Saw the Creator in his work sublime.
So lost were they in contemplations high,
That neither spoke, and neither made reply.

But, ah! the fairest earthly joys decay,
And soon her changeful glories pass away.
Perchance we gaze upon a splendid scene,
And view all nature, lovely and serene,
While fairy sunbeams on her beauty fall,
Whose softness gives an added charm to all;
But while, in admiration lost, we stand,
The prospect changes;—the fell spoiler's hand,

Sweeps o'er the earth;—the glorious vision dies;—
Black thunder clouds deform the azure skies;
Nature no more is robed in vesture mild,
For desolation reigns, with aspect stern and wild.

Thus while our zealous missionaries stood,
And all around in silent wonder viewed;
And while that gallant vessel gaily bore,
Her living freight to Afric's distant shore;
While friendly breezes wafted them along,
And hope was bright in all that motley throng:—
Lo! suddenly dark clouds in fury rise,
And spread their awful curtain o'er the skies:
The thunders rumble with a distant crash,—
The lightnings give a momentary flash,—
The "big prelusive drops" of rain descend,—
Beneath the roaring wind the tall masts bend;
The sailors tremble with dismay and fright,
As swiftly now approach the shades of night;
And, oh! methinks, in that distressful hour,
Full many prayed, who never prayed before.

Oh! 'twas a fearful, an appalling scene,
What verse can e'er pourtray the anguish keen,
The maniac frenzy;—the despairing wail;—
The agonizing glance;—the aspect pale;—

The horrid groans that echoed o'er the deep;
Or the shrill screams that rose from that ill fated ship?

But now the storm a blacker visage shows,
More fiercely still the vivid lightning glows;
More loudly yet th' advancing thunder roars,
Then summons up again its unexhausted powers,
With dreadful din re-sends its echoes round,
While nature shudders at the dreadful sound.
From heavy clouds the driving torrents dash,
The foaming billows rage, and swell, and lash;
Fiercely that ship upon the waves is toss'd
For one brief space in murky darkness lost,
Then down again 'tis hurled with headlong sweep,
And for awhile engulphed within the boundless deep.

Surely the stoutest spirit well might melt;
And on that night full many a proud one knelt,
And poured forth agonizing fervent prayer,
From hearts o'erwhelmed with terror and despair.

Amid the hoarse confusion of the scene,
What keeps our missionaries thus serene?
How,—when each mountainous and angry wave,
Threatens to plunge them in a watery grave,

When all around is *wild*, or *mute* despair,
How can *they* still a calm expression wear?
Because they know that God of awful form,
Who "makes his way in whirlwind and in storm;"
They know him for their Father and their Friend,
And fully on his guardian care depend;
Willing to die;—if such his righteous will,
Yet glad to live;—his pleasure to fulfil!
At his behest, they left their native land,
To seek a home upon a foreign strand;
And still they trace the guidance of his eye,
And feel his cheering presence sweetly nigh;
With child-like confidence they calmly rest
Their all on Him;—and own, whatever is, is best!

Nor could these servants of our God regret
That "*perils*" thus their onward course beset;
They looked not for a path bestrewn with flowers;
They reckoned not on smooth, untroubled hours;
Full well they knew that soldiers of the Cross,
Must suffer pain, privation, toil, and loss;
That servants of a once incarnate God,
Must tread the footsteps which their Master trod;
Nor shrink from danger; but with faith's firm shield,
Resist each fiery dart, which prompted them to yield.

At length the storm's tremendous din was hush'd,
No more the rain in driving torrents rush'd;
Th' electric fire withdrew its angry ray,
The thunder's growl, in distance died away;
The noisy tumult of the waves was o'er,
And the deceitful deep was calm once more.

But oh! how many a heart with anguish bled,
For loved ones buried in the sea's deep bed;
How many a one in bitter sorrow wept,
For loss of friends, in Ocean's caves who slept;
For the stern blast, and unrelenting wind,
Had snapped the silken bonds by love entwined.
Yet now that morning dawned upon the scene,
And showed the waters, smiling and serene,
And the majestic bark, with graceful ease,
Borne swiftly forward by the favouring breeze,
While from the eastern skies, in bright array,
The sun walked forth, to herald in the day;—
Who, while entranced in wonder he surveyed,
The calm magnificence around displayed,
And watched the billows undulating swell,
As now, in gentle play, they rose and fell,
Would e'er have dreamed of the dismay and fright,
Or the fierce havoc of the by-gone night?

As if that rolling sea had ne'er been stirred
By ruder winds than those which now were heard;—
As if its unseen depths had ne'er become,
To countless multitudes a watery tomb;—
As if the angry, overwhelming blast,
O'er its deceitful waves had never passed;—
Smoothly again it flowed;—the "ample field
"Shone bright and glorious as a silver shield;"
So fair;—so lovely;—that the tempest seemed
But the fantastic tale of one who dreamed;
For not a single trace remained to show
Where sank the sleepers in the depths below;
Nought marked their resting place; but o'er their graves,
The stately vessel rode; and danced the playful waves.

Thus, when the sinner, sooth'd with pleasure's smile,
Is by affliction, startled for awhile,
He trembles oft with sad foreboding fear,
And shuns the approaching end of his career;—
But if the threatened vengeance be with-held,
How quickly are his fears again dispelled;
Forgetful of the past, he speeds along,
And drowns reflection in an idle song:

Despises and contemns the chast'ning rod,
And boldly dares defy the living God,
But ah! another tempest will arise,
Perchance, e'en now, 'tis brooding in the skies;
A storm from which no shelter can be found;—
Then, when God's thunders fearfully resound,
And His red lightnings flash with angry glare;
Where will the sinner find a refuge? where; ah!
where?

But now our vessel sweeps across the main,
Anxious the shores of Africa to gain,
Nobly she ploughs her way thro' yielding seas;
Gaily her canvas stands before the breeze;
Serene is now each late distracted breast,
And all are "glad, because they are at rest."
No more the thunders roar with direful crash;
No more the lightnings play, nor billows dash;
Black, pitchy clouds no more the skies deform,
The mighty voice of God hath calmed the storm.
The sun by day in glowing splendour shines,
Mildly at evening in the west declines;
Then night resumes her gentle reign once more,
Redecks her ebon robe with diamonds o'er,
Which twinkle in the concave vault on high,
Until fair morning re-illumes the sky

And in her brighter beams each meaner ray,
Melts into insignificance away.
Thus, days and nights in quick succession flee,
And no rude tempest heaves the deep blue sea;
That gallant bark speeds on;—for favouring gales,
Impel her onward course, and fill her spreading sails.

And now, with longing eyes, that wearied band,
Are watching for the first faint glimpse of *land;*
For many days and weeks have flitted by,
Since aught their eyes beheld save sea and sky;
At length with ecstacy the welcome sound,
Is echoed and re-echoed all around,
"Land! land in view!" and as the tidings spread,
Joy o'er each beaming countenance is shed.

Now safely rescued from the stormy main,
Our friends with thankfulness the haven gain;
They bless that God, "whose eyelids never sleep,"
For safety from the "perils of the deep;"
And humbly ask the guidance of his hand,
Thro' the strange "perils of the desert" land.
Who can recount the hardships they sustained
Before their destined dwelling-place they gained
The hope and fear by turns which fill'd their breast,
The joy which cheered; the sorrow which depressed?

But though full oft the silent tear would start,
When thoughts of "*home*" came rushing to the heart,
Yet ardent love forbade that tear to flow,
For *selfish* grief;—it fell for Afric's woe.
Yes Afric!—for they knew her beauteous land,
Although by heaven's most genial breezes fanned,
And blessed with plenty, loveliness, and grace,
Yet bore upon her soil, a dark and sinful race.

But ah! how vainly does my Muse essay,
To paint the toils and dangers of their way;
In tuneful melodies my numbers roll,
Yet fail to utter all my glowing soul;
My *heart* is touch'd with true poetic fire,
Yet feeble is the *hand* that strikes the lyre!

But though on thorns our Missionaries trod,
Yet faithful was the Missionaries' God;
He ne'er forsook them;—when their faith was tried,
His presence cheered, tho' all was gloom beside;
His arm sustained, and "held their souls in life,"
'Mid all their varied conflict, all their strife;
For strife was theirs, and conflict sharp and sore,
And dangers, which they ne'er had known before;
But Jesu's love, an ever-flowing stream,
Was their absorbing, all-inspiring theme;

They talked of Him, his agony and pain,
And grief was happiness; and loss was gain.
In glowing language, eloquent and bold,
Of Him and his atoning death they told;
Spoke of the crimson blood so freely spilt,
Which still divinely flowed for human guilt;
Till heathen hearts the Saviour's love confessed,
And in glad hymns their gratitude expressed;
Yes gratitude to Him whose boundless grace,
Had called his servants from their native place,
And clothed them with commission from above,
To publish the glad news of reconciling love.

When Afric's sons exchanged their idol-rites,
For sacrifice in which the Lord delights;—
When hearts, once hardened, yielded to the stroke
Of Jesu's love;—and bowed to Jesu's yoke,—
Methinks, how eagerly did angels gaze!
How listen for the first faint notes of praise!
How swftly bore the tidings to the skies,
And from their golden harps bade nobler strains arise

Give me the minstrel whose impassioned lyre,
Though richly glowing with poetic fire,
And breathing tones of pure ecstatic bliss,
Can tell the glories of a scene like this!

Who can discern the wind's concealed retreat,
Or mark the traces of its subtle feet?
Or see what caves its noisy breath enclose?
Or notice whence it comes, or where it goes?
When He, who holds it in His mighty hand
Loosens his grasp and sends it o'er the land,
In gentle zephyrs, bearing health and life;
Or loudly roaring in discordant strife;—
"Thou hear'st the sound thereof, but canst not tell"
Its hidden path, its undiscovered cell.

So, in a soul renewed by grace divine,
We mark the change in every action shine,
We own that power Omnipotent *alone*,
Could give a heart of flesh, for heart of stone;
But here our knowledge ceases;—human thought
Conceives not *how* the secret work was wrought;
Nor *how* the Spirit's deep mysterious power,
Implanted life, where death had reigned before.
Yet saints and angels sing a louder note,
And sweeter strains on heavenly breezes float,
And richer tones resound from golden lyres,
And sacred harpers strike the tuneful wires
With nobler transports—when the first deep groan
Bursts from a contrite soul at Jesu's throne.

And shall not *we* with thankful ardour sing
The "Hallelujah," angels love to bring?
And the same song of exultation rise
From *our* weak harps, that echoes through the skies?
Oh! yes! for welcome is the holy strain,
Sung with such rapture by the saintly train;
And well the throng in blood-washed garments dressed,
Who never from their sweet employment rest,
May feel a stronger, holier impulse given,
To praise, which fills the spacious courts of heaven;
For *they* once sojourned on this lower earth,
Nor knew the glories of the second birth;
Their souls with guilt of deepest dye were stain'd,
And sin and death in all their members reign'd,
Till brought to Calvary's all-cleansing flood,
They proved the saving power of Jesu's blood.

Yes; Jesu's blood!—the ransomed ones on high,
Who swell the unceasing chorus of the sky,
Who strike on well-tuned harps their magic lays,
Begin and end each hymn with Jesu's praise!
And while Eternity shall roll along,
Jesus, shall be the burden of their song!

Oh! that the sound might pierce each heart of steel
That all, the power of Jesu's blood might feel;

Oh! that on England's highly-favoured coast,
This were our highest, most exalted boast!
That *Jesu's* praise in every cot was sung,
And *Jesu's* name extolled by every tongue!

Come ye, whose hearts responsive beat with mine,
Whose souls are quickened with the life divine;
Whose ardent spirits wait the expected day,
When Christ shall over all, extend his sway;
Come to the mercy seat!—the purple tide,
Still freely flows from Jesu's wounded side;
Come, and your consecrated vows repeat,
At Jesu's cross the sacrifice complete;
Sprinkled afresh with Jesu's precious blood,
And re-baptized in the atoning flood,
Go forth;—and spread the savour of his name,
And let his glory be your only aim;
Give your enlarged desires unbounded scope,
Pray for the *world's* conversion;—pray, and hope,
Proclaim by precept and example too,
That Jesu's love can rebel hearts subdue.

And ye, who, summoned by a voice from heaven,
Yourselves a living sacrifice have given;
Have left friends, country, and your native home,
'Mid desert wastes, in heathen lands to roam;

Thrice blest are ye!—Go forth with fervent zeal,
Publish the truths which ye rejoice to feel;
Fear not the "perils" which beset your way,
Let not the dangers of the work dismay;
Shrink not, of "Missionary Toils" afraid,
Go forth in Jesu's panoply arrayed,
And preach His name with faith undaunted, bold,
The blood stained banner of the cross unfold;
In Jesu's stead your solemn message give,
Beseech lost sinners to return and live.

Oh! when the Lord shall number up his own,
When all shall bow before his glorious throne;
When "in a day, a nation shall be born,"
And He, who once was looked upon with scorn,
Reigns universal King;—then deeper joy,
And higher raptures will our harps employ;
As countless tribes from distant nations throng,
And mingle in the one exalted song,
"Blessing and honour, glory, praise, and power,
"To God and to the Lamb for evermore!"

THE END.